

Exchanges.

“DON'T read some other fellow's Journal. Are you a 'sponge'? If not, pay for what you get. It costs something to give it to you.”—
“*Decaturian*.”

Some of our exchanges are rich in gems of literature and pictorial art. In the Niagara Index is to be found a masterpiece, as a student production, on Hamlet and Brutus. It is a brilliant comparison and contrast of Shakespeare's two greatest men. The writer is alive to the subject in hand. The thought is clear and well expressed, the wording precise and beautiful and the spirit deep.

All students, especially students of English, will do well to read these. Would that some of our undergraduates would give us, occasionally, such productions. Student essays and papers are always appreciated and valued. The *mass* learns with pleasure that within itself lies much latent genius, and that, after all, we are not bound every time to look up to the *deities* for instruction and enlightenment. Genius is but the essence of honest work; and so, will some of you *honest workers* give us the essence of an hour or two with your literary muse? Conquer all selfish *time* motives and get above yourselves.

“Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.”

Let each do what he can toward making our Weekly Journal, “a thing to be longed for.”

HE LIVED THERE, ALL RIGHT.

An *anxious* father got wind of the rumour that his son was leading rather a convivial life at college. But the son strenuously denied the charge in letters to his father. Still unsatisfied, the father made an unexpected visit to his son's lodging place, and giving the bell a manly pull, was met by a grim-faced landlady.

“Does Mr. James Smith live here?” asked the father.

“He does,” replied the landlady. “Bring him right in.”—*Er.*

NIGHT.

The purpled sunset hills are charred with red,
And twilight trembles with the gentle lay
Of song birds' vespers for the fading day.
A thousand fire flies glow above the bed
Of yonder willow shrouded stream. O'er head
Night spreads the meshes of the milky way.
The moon has paled the east. Her searching ray
Is rolling back the hovering shadows dread.
The dew is drenching every leaf and flower,
Dim mists arise beneath the gloomy trees,
Whose spectral branches all are wreathed in white
The darkness now is at its deepest hour,
But all the land has sensed the downing breeze,
And stirring nature wakes from out the night.

The Dial.